copying, from the London Telegraph, the report of Mr. Bright's speech at the Fourth of July dinner, given in London by Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The listeners to it formed a distinguished company of English and American statesmen, among the latter being our townsmen Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Phelps :- and any occasion would have been a notable one which evoked such a speech as this.

himself on that subject as well as some himself on that subject as well as some others. Of course Mr. Bright knows that there is practically no such thing as absolute free trade. England has not got it, and never had it. He alludes to English tariffs in this speech; and apparently does not think it possible to abolish them. He and never had it. He alludes to English tariffs in this speech; and apparently does not think it possible to abolish them. He ought to know also that this country has not shown any great objection to trading with Canada. That there is not to-day reciprocity of trade between the two countries, is not the fault of this country, but of Canada, which by legislation subsequent to the establishment of the old reciprocity treaty turned what was a true reciprocity into a sham reciprocity—one in which the advantage was greatly on the side of Canada. This country has no objection to trading with England,—the trade between the two countries is enormous. It is all a question of the practical regulation of the conditions of trade;—and the time will not be here in a hurry, we fear, when nations will decline to use the advantages in their power, out of regard to the interests of other nations. When the millenium comes of course every man will love his neighbor as himself. The trader or manufacturer who happens to have superior natural advantages for his business, will regulate his prices to suit his less favored brother in the fact that it would be the best thing that could happen to English manufacturers to have the American market as open to them as their own, will have more weight to this ided of the water than it has open to them as their own, will have more weight to this doe of the water than it has open to them as their own, will have more

minished, and at the same time we mist acknowledge that the new nation that has sprung into existence stands in its vast ness and power before a wondering world. Among eminent citizens of the United States that I have known—and in some cases with some intimacy—was the great statesman from Massachusetts, Charles Summer. When he was in England he visited me, and his last night in England he spent in my house. He published no less the book called 'Prophetic Voices,' which was a collection of prophecies as it is the probable future of America. He was revising the title page of that volume in the very last sitting he ever attended in the Senate of his country. He goes back far beyond the time—many centuries of the time—of the discovery of the American continent. He goes back and quotes a remarkable passage of old Rome—a passage lett in the pages of Seneca. He comes down centuries, and quotes from an Italian poet—if i remember rightly, named Peuli—who wrote some centuries before the time of Columbus. Then he before the time of Columbus. Then he comes down to later periods find quotes the opinions of many eminent writers and speakers, but he curiously—I cannot understand why he omitted it—has no reference to a singular opinion and prophecies as great friend of his, on hearing this, wrote a letter of remonstrance, and he said, among other things, that he wished him to write in French. David Hume, a great friend of his, on hearing this, wrote a letter of remonstrance, and he said, among other things, that he wished him to write in English because our establishments in America promised superior stability and strength to English history. We owe it to David Hume that that great work was published in our own language and not that of a neighboring at the further of the American Continent in vision.

"But you see how these men saw the future of the American Continent in vision." "But you see how these men saw the future of the American Continent in vision." "But you see how these men saw the future of the American Continent i

guage and not that of a heighboring hation.

"But you see how these men saw the future of the American Continent in vision. We see it in fact, and we see the prophecies fulfilled. At this moment England, Canada, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope show a population of about 45,000,000 persons. At this very time, as you are all aware, the new nation of which I speak and which started as a nation one hundred years ago—numbers not far short of 60,000,000 and is rapidly increasing. I do not know but that at the end of the century, or soon after, it may amount to 100,000,000. Now, at the present there are more than 100,000,000 of what I call the English-speaking people—that is, the United Kingdom, its other connected colonles, and the ancient colonies of the United Kingdom, its other connected colonies, and the ancient colonies of the British Crown which are now the United States of North America.—and these, in my opinion—it may be presumptuous, it may be egotism, but I hold the opinion that they are the foremost in all the liberties which are the most valued by the most intelligent people living in civilized countries. But although in population—I am speaking to American gentlemen—you have overpassed us so much that in time to come it is possible we may have to ask the protection of your vast country. ask the protection of your vast country against the enemies which may assault us, yet I am not disposed at any rate to deny the leadership which I think we have. In

Mr. Bright on America.

No Englishman stands higher on this side of the water than the great commoner. John Bright. His fast friendship and outspoken advocacy of the cause of the Union, in our great civil struggle, won the hearts of all loyal Americans, and if he would make this country a visit he would be made very thoroughly aware that the service he then rendered us has not been and never will be forgotten. He is also a man of such broad philanthrophy, such sincerity and heartiness, such independence and insight, that all his utterances have especial interest. Whatever he says of or to Americans will certainly always have their attention, and well carry as much weight with them as the words of any other Englishman.

Our readers will thank us, therefore, for copying, from the London Telegraph, the report of Mr. Bright's speech at the Fourth est objection—no one can tell why, except that it is a superstition—to trade with people in Canada or in Great Britain and Ireland. But why? If we were all shoved into the United States, if we were one country, with only one object, nobody would deny that nothing would be more natural than that the manufacturers of the two countries should intermingle, and everybody would agree that it was not only the best but also the most profitable thing for the population of the two coun-

Mr. Bright is a strong free-trader, and it will trouble no one that he expressed himself on that subject as well as some wars will receive in all probability a com-

that could happen to English manufacturers to have the American market as open to them as their own, will have more weight on this side of the water than it has now; and as there will then be no grasping on the part of the English manufacturer, there will be no need of protection for American industry. The millenium is not here, yet, however, it would be nearer, no doubt, if all men were like John Bright.

JOHN BRIGHTON AMERICA.

His Speech at Cyrus W. Field's 4th of July Dinner.

"To-day is what I suppose may be considered a day that might be termed historic. A century ago it was a day of grief and humiliation to multitudes on the other side of the Atlantic. Now we meet together, and without using language that is not accurate, we may say that we rejoice that, notwithstanding the events of that period, the greatness and the graduator of England has not been diminished, and at the same time we must, acknowledge that the new nation that has sprung into existence stands in its vast, necessary with some intimacy—was the great statesman from Massachusetts, Charles in the property of the contrained of the contrained of the state of the States that I have known—and in some cases with some intimacy—was the great statesman from Massachusetts, Charles in the property of the miles of the contrained of the contrained of the state of the contrained of the state of the contrained of the state of the contrained of the

Mr. Simmons, morally, socially, and po-litically, is a much worse citizen than the late Capt. Kidd. It strikes us that the late Capt. Kidd. It strikes us that the history of Simmons should be sent to Mr. Manning.

## Buckner on Grant.

"He was a great soldier. He possessed the qualities which mark the man of 'stern stuff.' He was persevering, tenacious, and kept right ahead. When he thought he was right he could not be moved. I go to help bury him as one of the nation's great men. I cannot speak further of him. He may have made some mistakes—all men are liable to do so—but they are buried in the past and must remain as "

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## I DON'T WANT A DOCTOR!

yet I am not disposed at any rate to deny the leadership which I think we have. In our political freedom, I think, we are about as free as you are. At the same time, I must say there is another destription of freedom in which I think that we have surpassed yourselves. Many gentlemen here will know to what I refer. I Troy, N. Y.

I have figured up what they cost me does not the last four years, it was just \$22.3.1. If I had it now it would be a fortune for me, the steamship Atlantic, which was lost the steamship Atlantic, which was lost olars for which I purchased six bottles of suphur litters. They cared me of Serofula after suffering four years, -P. J. Canadings, must have been affixed by some chemical action.

## An English Railway Train

[From Harper's Magazine for August.] The first impression which an American

who is experienced in railroad travelling in his own country derives from the exterior aspect of an English train is unfavorable. The cars, as he must necessarily call them, seem to be small; they lack. apparently, the weight and solidity of the American passenger-coach; the compartments are narrow, the ceilings are low, the ventilation apparently doubtful. They stand upon two, three, or more pairs of gaunt high wheels, to the axies of which their springs are directly geared. He misses the little independent vehicle, the truck, or bogie, with its four or six small, compact, solid-looking, wide flanged wheels, which sustains each end of the

wheels, which sustains each end of the American car—that rolling gear which looks so strong, so adapted to inequality of rail or curve, so resourceful against disaster, and so complete in its equipment. The cars are smaller—there is no doubt of it. They are narrower and they are shorter; and to the American eye they look even shorter timf they really are, because they have no projecting platform at the ends, no overlanging roof or hood, but are buckled close up to each other, and their contact controlled by small metal buffers, the springs of which allow a play of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car. The Miller of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car. The Miller platform, the Janney conpier, the link and pin—of all the familiar devices of the United States there is not one to be seen. The brakes? None visible. Nor, for the matter of that, a brakesman. This influential and numerous person has no existence in England. There is not even a rudimentary type of him. That you do not find him is the first stern intimation you receive that in English railroading there are no autocrats. The wheels are fitted with brakes, however, and the trained eye notes a rubber hose connection between the carriages, quite different in its application to that known at home, but which nevertheless betokens the air brake. He takes account of the distinctions of class, and reflects upon his country's veiled proand reflects upon his country's veiled pro-gress in that regard in the matter of par-lor cars and limited express trains. Then for cars and finited express trains. Then he finds that there is no baggage-master to waft the volatile Saratoga to its doom, as his own newspapers would express it. There is perhaps a luggage van or two, or there are in the carriages themselves ing gage compartments according to the way in which the train is made up, the length in which the train is made up, the length of journey it is to take, or the custom of the particular line under observation. His final contemplation is perhaps devoted to the engine, and if he has ever given any of his attention to the American recompetive, it fills him with a deepengenent in recalls the imposing speciment. In recalls the imposing speciment in term, its comfortable and taken which is a deapengeness.

and polished wood, its gas soul-stirring whistle, the and the cow-destroying priot, the grea cinder-consuming smoke tack (unless if be a hard-coal burner, in which will feature shrinks to moderate propertions the reasoning delivers. feature shrinks to moderate interactions the powerful drivers and compact cytin ders, the eccentric connecting reals, an all its parts radiant with the affiter of polished steel or burnished brass, or deck ed with appropriate vermillin nor emerald green. In all of these matters the English locomotive compares with it much as a lawn-mower does with a New York fire engine. It is a humble, awkward green or monochromatic machine. It has neither polish nor decoration about it. There is no cab. The engineer and his fireman—that is to say, the engine-driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—per form their duties with only such sheater all give the American engine an appearance of stability which impresses not merely the layman, but also the expert.

## Cameron and Blaine. [Augusta (Me.) Letter in Boston Evening

Record.1 Visitors to Augusta always, as a matter

of course, go up the hill to take a look at the State house; but they are more likely to be interested in a substantial though modest dwelling that stands almost within in this country the labor of the whole population. I thank you heartily that you have received me with so much kindness. I only wish I could have made my observations more compressed or interesting; but I find when I come to the question of America there is no question on which I speak that I think about with so much interest. I want the two nations to be one people—[cheers]—and I want them to be foremost in political and religious freedom, I want, also, and hope the time will come, when there will be that other freedom which the States may be as proud of as the great bulk of Englishmen are of the freedom we have achieved."

Another Bad Appointment.

[N. Y. World.]

There is a trrible commotion in and around Bennington, Vt., over the appointment of one George H. Simmons to an inspectorship in the treasury department. The World has been favored with a pile of documents intended to prove that the shadow of the capitol. This is Mr. nis wife a telegram from Aris. Blaine in viting them to visit Augusta. "Ab, under the circumstances, I think that will have to be postponed," was his laughing remark. "But I have replied that we will come," said Mrs. Cameron, innocently, to the Senator's consternation. There was no help for it; but Cameron made a vow to himself that not a workleamering realities. help for it; but Cameron made a vow to himself that not a word concerning politics should escape his lips during the visit. The visit was adpleasant one, of course, but during it Mr. Cameron was taken to drive by his host. The subject of the approaching convention was broached, and Mr. Blaine asked Cameron who was his second choice. The Senator replied that he had none—that he should stand by Grant to the end. Then Blaine got in his work, and finally succeeded in obtaining the promise that, if by any chance Grant should be dropped, the Cameron influence should be for Blaine. Near the close of the convention the Grant leaders got together to consult in regard to supporting another man. Then, to the amazement of the others, Cameron was obliged to announce that in case of a break he to announce that in case of a break he must go for Blaine. "Then let's stick by Grant to the last," said Conkling. "With all my heart," responded Cameron and they did. "And that," said the Senator, as he finished the story, "is all a woman knows about politics."

## A Queer Find in the Ocean.

The following from the pen of Bill Nye, in the Chatanooga Times, The American Architect and Building News thinks, contains more truth than fiction:

It may be premature perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical escutcheon—a testimoni-al more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc.—thgt i more he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental ballucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent archi-

of course, a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my iriends don't know me any better than to build me a summer house, and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and then daub it up with colors they have bought at auction, and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time that we had a better understand-

it is time that we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of Renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman, nor Venetian. Any man can originate a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whiskey long enough, and then describes his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive. But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of a disordered imagination must soon pass away, and the agination must soon pass away, and the bright smilight of hard horse-sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables of gnawed of architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine, a few days ago, showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

The bones taken as a whole looked to

on his men?"
"That was when you were trying to break our skirmish line," said Ryan. "The chief was 200 or 300 yards away, and I fired on him a number of times,"
Sitting Bull (with much merriment) said: "That was I. Soon after that, I went to the scene of the fight with Custer and was not in the battle after that day, I remember when two of your packed rate. Then I went nome and wept an inght. It was my first falsehood.

The house taken as a whole looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money, and then suddenly changed its mind, and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect, and blossomed into a full-blown "drunk and disorderity," surmounted by the smoke stack of a foundry, and with the bright future of thirty days anead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at smeriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs are giddy in the extreme. I went in an rambied around among the cross-eyed aurcases and other nightmares till reason of tered on her throne. Then I came out

went to the scene of the fight with Custer and was not in the battle after that day. I remember when two of your packed males charged down to the water from your camp on the bluff. They were loaded with ammunition, and we used that ammunition, as well as what we got from Custer, in the second day's fight. When I went to take charge of the battle at the other end of the valley, where Custer made his attack, I left Crazy Horse in command of my young men who were fighting you and Reno."

"Was the fight going on when you got there?" asked Ryan.

"Oh, yes: we had them surrounded."

"It has been said that Rain-in-the-Face asserted that he killed Custer. Did he?

"No. There is no truth in it. So many were firing at Custer at the same time that no one could tell whether he hit him or not."

"You are telling the truth there," said Ryan, "I was in command of the detail that buried Custer after Gen. Terry came up. There were a number of bullets in Custer's body, and he and a newspaper man named Kelly were the only ones whose bodies had not been mutilated. Who was it that crushed the head of Capt. Tom Custer, and what became of the prisoners?"

"I don't know about that," answered offered on her throne. Then I came out an stood on the architectural wart called ad stood on the architectural wart called ac side porch, to get fresh air. This orch was painted a dull red, and it had we den rosettes at the corners that looked ke a brand new carbuncle on the nose is a search wreck. Further up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw now and act paces where the workman's mind and wantered, and he had nailed on his diapheards wrong side up, and then painted them with the Paris green he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd looking structure indeed. If my frend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and hander left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for men ai relaxation and intellectal repose, without charge, of course the

cheme was a financial success, but archiecturnity the house is a gross violation of ac statutes in such cases made and pro-

bled, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feelin, a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lumatics live who inhabit it.

where the lunatics live who inhabit it. I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see prise and resources, and was a brave man present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at call.

The one thing I never want to see again

## Women's Clubs. [Springfield Republican.]

New England society is too apt to crys talize church-wise and blood-wise. Not that people really like a caste of creed or of descent, but they readily fall into an involuntary habit of judging people from often needed which brings together worthy people without regard to such distinctions. This is what the women's club knew my plans until they were matured does, and is the 'felt want' not met by the those points of view, and something is sewing society. The women's club also offers a ready outing for the mind of the housekeeper upon wider questions. The woman of the future is not limited in the subjects for her thought or her study. Girls are now given education so that they may be educated thinking women, and influential members of society. 'Society' in this sense in 1850 meant men: by 1900 it will mean men and women. And why not? There is scarcely a question of vital moment to society, either in politics or morals, in which women are not as profoundly interested as men. Women are bound on those questions to express their minds with increasing clearness, force and conviction, and we believe human society will be the gainer by such a development. will be the gamer by such a develop

There may be some objection to the term club, but there cannot be to the thing. It is not a place of habitual resort or a dangerous rival to the home, but simply a convenient organization for promoting general acquaintance and discussion to the soft of the s ing topics of common interest. Women's clubs, as distinct from men's, can have more convenient times of meeting and dicenss chosen topics with more freedom. Nothing is more striking in these socie-ties then the readiness with which those who at first are sure they have nothing to ontribute soon become valuable partici-pants. Every wise mother and experi-enced head of a house has no mean tul-ture to draw upon in matters of educa-tion, discipline, and the cultivation of all good things. Every considerable town without a women's club-needs one.

RNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Seign which he attempted successfully on integrate of Life," the best medical work every published, for young and middle-aged men and destroyed.—A conversation.

THE DAY THAT CUSTER FELL.

der Gen. Reno in the last battle

between Custer's regiment and the In-

dians. When Sergeant Ryan was intro-

duced to the chief, Sitting Bull showed a

disposition to talk, but presently Ryan

drew from his pocket a blood-spattered

whether he had ever seen a flag like that

17. On the first day's fight, do you recollect an Indian mounted on a black horse who was armed with a 'camp stick' (an Indian lance), and was cheering and urging on his men?"

Capt. Tom Custer, and what became of the prisoners ?"

"I don't know about that," answered Sitting Bull. "The young men and squaws had to do with that. There were 4000 warriors, and there were in the camp from 6000 to 7000 women and children, and the camp was tour or title miles long all

from 6000 to 7000 women and children, and the camp was four or five miles long, all in the valley of the Little Big Horn."
"How many men did you have?"
"Six hundred all told, of whom 207 were killed with Custer."
The two men exchanged many campaign reminiscences. Ryan was in Custer's regiment on the plains for ten years, and often skirmished with Sitting Bull and his tribe when they were on the war path.

Some of Gen. Grant's Opinions. I never had time,—To an officer asking he ever felt tear on the battlefield,

Although a soldier by profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace.—Speech at London.

I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as practicable with as little loss of life as possible. Then, then up guards, and at 'em.—In conversation.

The one thing I never want to see again is a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a

duty. I had no thought of rank; all I

Speaking of the great men I have met in Europe, I regard Bismarck and Gam-betta as the greatest. I saw a good deal of Bismarck, and had long talks with him.

He impresses you as a great man. Gam-

betta also greatly impressed me. I was much pleased with the Republican leaders in France.—Conversation.

Stonewall Jackson was a courageous,

energetic, deeply religious man, and a fine soldier, but it is questionable whether

his great reputation is justified by his campaigns in Virginia. He had very com-monplace men to deal with. If he had met Sheridan, and had tried on him, or on

-Conversation,

Groceries. Etc. Sitting Bull and a Soldier Exchange Reminiscences of the Fight. **SPALDING & BEACH** The real facts about the death of Gen. Custer were brought out a day or two ago in an interview in Boston between Sitting Bull and sergeant John The Red Store. Ryan of Newton, who fought un-

CHOICE FAMILY

## GROCERIES. cavalry guidon and asked Sitting Bull

Washington County GILT EDGE BUTTER

# whether he had ever seen a flag like that before. The Indian showed a sudden awakening of interest. "Yes," he said. "When was it?" asked Sergeant Ryan. "When was it?" asked Sergeant Ryan. "When we had the fight and killed Custer's men," said Sitting Bull through the interpreter, "we got a number of them. Where did you get it?" "On the second day of the fight," answered Ryan, "I saw an Indian riding up and down in front of our lines displaying this flag. Another man and my self, who had long-range rifles, fired at him repeatedly, and finally dropped him off his horse. When night came I crawled out and brought the flag in. "When we struck your trail," Sergeant Ryan continued, "and just before the fight, we found four lodges with dead Indians in them. Who were they?" "They were Sloux Shawnee scouts," replied Sitting Bull, "killed by Gen. Crooks's command on the Rosebud on June 17. On the first day's fight, do you recollect an Indian mounted on a black horse. Fruits Vegetables,

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6.00, 3.50,
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4.50, 2.50,
3.50, 2.00,

did was to try and make myself useful.— Also we have a few hundred Untrimmed Hats. In a conversation with the Duke of Cambatha we will close at equally low prices. SMALL WARES.

I never held a council of war in my life. I heard what men had to say—the stream of talk at headquarters—but I made up 4-button Kid Gloves in Black and all the new shades, 75 cts. Silk Gloves 25 cts. and up-wards. Fans in endless variety. Parasols, all prices. The R. H. Corsets, only \$1, French Woven corsets, \$1.25. Silk Wraps, former price \$55, now \$20, and lower priced Wraps in same proportion. Children's White Dresses. Chemise, Night Robes, Infants Robes, and Biankets, Ladies' Frint Wrappers in Princess and Mother Hubbard styles. As a commander of troops, as a man

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